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*If you had long been looking for someone, searching the faces of crowds and congregations, peering under the cap of the lone passerby . . . if you had looked in vain for him at the city gates where the camels and elephants come and go . . . giving up at last, and turning to find him at your side—no giant, no stranger, no king—a voice familiar, a laugh identified again that has never for ages quite died out of the heart—whose glove fits your hand—*

This issue is to begin upon a sketch of the one who brings the Message, who calls us to alignment in the Aquarian Foundation. No use denying that the personality demands to know these things; in fact, it may get down to work better when these things are known and satisfied. Our idea is to build this sketch without piffle, sentiment, decoration—realizing the privilege and importance, yet not carried away by it. We seek to touch the inevitability of the great Story in our lives and before our eyes—and do it, a thing usually done fifty years afterward, in the vibration of the Now.



The Brother XII reached these shores from England late in February. He crossed Canada. Of that journey westward, another time—a dark and gloomy night, leaving a lantern burning here and there—reaching the western coast and coming to a stop, ill and spent at Nanaimo, B.C. There, a valuable contact with this group was made through a Vancouver member, E. A. Lucas, mainly called “Luke”, who tells of the meeting in his own way:

Vancouver, March 14, 1927. Well, Bill, we’re in the Navy now. And War has been declared. See that stripe on my arm? Well, I’m an officer kinda. I’m like a Temporary Supernumerary Acting Oiler’s Mate. But I’m in the Navy. And War has been declared. And did you see that little gold stripe? In other words, our Brother XII wired me to come to Nanaimo yesterday—which I just naturally did. The wire said, “Will meet the Boat. Will stand without hat.” So when the Louise docks at Nanaimo, there is a slight, tired, delicate man, dark, iron-gray hair brushed stand-up-pompadour, short clipped beard—and very kind, very grave eyes, and such a charming smile. Our conference lasted just eight straight hours, and then we agreed we had made a very fair start.

When I come to tell you what he said, I have to watch my step. No Bill, there are no silly secrets in the game. But in the Navy, oiler’s mates are not particularly encouraged to go broadcasting where the Fleet is going to concentrate and when. It’s not a question of me knowing something that you don’t know; it’s just a gentle hint to keep my fool mouth shut or I’m liable to get our Outfit blown to Hell. So I think a good rule will be to keep to what I have seen in black and white. For a while anyway, until I get used to the discipline in this here Navy. Always at the slowing-down places in my life, I have met a messenger. This time I have met a direct, personal, Ambassador of the Great White Lodge. And that’s that.

In a letter dated Jan. 10, from England, the Brother XII. wrote to this study, saying that he hoped for a meeting in San Francisco at the turn of the new moon in April. It happened to the day. The story is carried on through a letter to A.A.B., dated April 11: “I reached San Francisco by steamer from the South at eleven o’clock on the day arranged and he hopped down from a ship from the north at twelve. I suppose for years we have made pictures of how things like that would happen. None of them were altogether wrong and none exactly right. The point was the simplicity, or as we say in story work, the inevitability of it all. In a moment we knew that it could not be otherwise and laughed



to think that we could not have thought of it exactly with the personal faculties. I think we are all looking for banners and a clatter of elephant housings. . . . And here quietly standing at our side was one looking, too. . . . He has been a great deal apart, many years at sea. He has learned the coasts of the continents as many of us have learned the cities and plains and mountains. He has dealt with contours—even entering the tiny stillest inlets. He is equipped with a strange, almost canny knowledge of boundaries, yet at the same time his sentiency is literally alive at the heart of things. . . . This is a vast saying, but listen to the rest: Between the innermost and the uttermost there are great spaces to be filled in, and these are for the different works of the workers. . . . I am eager to have you see the point that was not clear to us for so long—that he makes no pretense of knowing all the details of the separate group formations and general activities. His work is merely to link them together, in a sense to heighten their usefulness; in a sense to coordinate and render them rhythmic with each other. That which he needs to know is given day by day as he needs it. In the days when he was being shown the Work ahead, there arose within his heart and mind a great question: “How am I to know the workers, (or as he said, the Chelas) when I see them?” The inevitable answer was: “You will know them because they are already doing the Work.” . . . That which happened to us in the days of the early contacts of the A.F. vibration was the restoring of confidence—the need to carry on fearlessly our particular angle or ray. In a word we actually received the admonition: “Be yourselves—” and this in the midst of a whole-hearted rendering to the Cyclic call. And now that he comes, we find one utterly beyond tampering; an eager, childlike receptivity to our methods, when they stand up, a particularly glad response to that which is new; not only willing to make adjustments, but advancing eagerly to contain and correlate them. . . . His inner awakening manifests very often in terms of the macrocosm through astrology, yet on the other hand, he positively talks our language in having to do with the old Path—probation, apprenticeship and the blazing expansions that follow.”

As a boy he dreamed of the freedom of the seas. Soon he began to see that being a passenger on ships could not hold for him what his soul longed; later he found to be a sailor did not fill the picture. One could not take orders from another; one must gain command of his own ship. Therefore he learned navigation, and earned his captain's papers,



freedom of the seas. . . . He has known the childish ache for understanding and the bitterness of puritanical repressions; known the dissatisfaction of nomadic wanderings—the outcast on life's highway ceaselessly "moved on" by Karma, representative of the Law. Through many years and in almost every land he has had to pass, mixing with all kinds of men at every possible level. Packing in the far North, fishing on the Pacific Coast, sheep droving in Australia, to and fro across the Karoo and the high Veldt of South Africa; at sea in every kind of ship. Always and ever reverting to the Sea in steam or in sail, in square-rig or in fore-and-afters—West Indies, China and the far East, round Cape Horn, up and down the east and west coasts of Africa and of South America, in almost every group of islands in the Pacific—all testing, tempering, training, every experience needed, every mile traversed outwardly having its inner significance and application. From the waters, to the dry land, upward to the high peaks the trail has led, until now the vision gained includes both the hills and the valleys, the path which has been traversed, the rivers crossed, and much of that which still lies ahead.

The man is no orator or lecturer. In fact, he has not public-spoken more than four or five times in his life, and these were recent affairs while crossing Canada; practically virgin he was therefore to meeting a crowd when he faced the turn-out in San Francisco in a hotel hall. As he rose, sounds of a gala marriage festival began to break in from a banquet-hall next door. No dry time they were having in there and the band had caught the spirit. A change of halls was not feasible and the Brother XII started to speak in an incredible jangle of laughter and jazz. His isn't a clarion voice, his speech not even oracular. We saw his face set like a swimmer's in the midst of the surges of distracting sound and heard his words—some of them—the story of the beginnings of the Work, carrying steadily on. The audience was in torment, partly because it was unable to hear or fix itself to listen, but mainly in pity for him. Yet amazement softly grew, for the voice carried steadily on. No irritation, no resentment; the steady advance of a man who had long since forgotten how to quit. To most it would have been a shattering of inimical force, but this man was quite unruffled; his mind turned inward to listen did not give ear to outward disturbance. . . until we suddenly realized that it was calm outside, that a battle had been fought and won—symbol of the Great War closing in.



Among the Brother XII's mail when he reached San Francisco, was a letter from a magazine editor intimating possibilities of an article from him concerning the nature of the A.F. He considered this of immediate importance, groped his way out of the dim room of a hotel and was sitting bare-headed on the benches of a park, Union Square, in fact, where I found him. He passed over to me the editor's letter and an outline of the article already set up. Now it happened that I knew the editor, something of the temper of the magazine and what would happen in the editorial offices, if an article like this were turned in. Not by intuition nor divination, but by first-hand contacts with life in the here and now, was I aware of these things. At the same time, when a man is hot in a work, pouring his powers into the form, it is about as pleasant a task to tell him he is off the track, as to tell a mother her new-born shows signs of reversion to type. I handed the paper back, wondering how I could sidestep. "It does not appeal to you as quite the proper way to approach them?" he gently questioned. "It does not," said I. He listened carefully. "I am grateful to hear," he said. "I will try it from a new angle." . . . An hour or two later he put into my hands a second budding manuscript. This time he had a line on the subject, but his way into the core of it would still make it impossible in that certain office of downtown New York. Again he waited for me to speak; again, eagerly listened to years' experiences boiled hard: "Thank you," he said. "I see it more clearly and shall try along a slightly different line." A third time the writing was brought. . . . Through timed exposures, we are now able to witness the opening of a flower that requires days, magically reduced to a matter of seconds on the screen. It was like that in a way, with the article he was writing. He was able to use the experience of another; in fact, the experience of another had flowed into him and become working knowledge in a forenoon. The point of the incident to me was that a difficult situation had been passed without the faintest wearing red of friction; no preconception on his part, no attachment to his own ideas, and he classed as an Englishman. This and the banquet hall incident made positively electric that day a later utterance from his lips, and his hand shot out as he said it: "*Brother, there can be no personality!*"



One of the young workers went to him bowed with sense of responsibility and personal care. "My friend," he said, hand on the other's shoulder. "I know just how you feel. In England and coming this way, I have at times felt it utterly black around me, but here since reaching California, why, it's pie!"

Luke further writes: "... Strange how we feel like protecting this man from harm. With me it is a strange up-rush of love and loyalty for the man, such as I have not experienced in years—forty-three the other day—and I don't give in to so many raptures as I used to. But now—it's as though I were seventeen again and had just met my Best High-school Friend. Ah, well, rave on, says you." ... From a letter to J.S.B. "... We drove down from Arroyo Grande to L. A. and he was not in the least dismayed by some fast going, relishing it keenly when we touched sixty-five. I counted it a most valuable point that he did no front or back-seat driving of any kind—a ready and racy human being who would rather eat a cracker or two in the open than the best of dinners in a restaurant. So long as there's tea. ... In fact, one does not hit any rough insoluble personal sheathes. "There are three steps," he would say. "First the inner response to the Message, the egoic or soul recognition; second, the doubts and struggles of the lower mind, its attack on the terminology of the Message and the personality of the Messenger; third, the realization that the A.F. exists, whether the Messenger falls or fails. One is reasonably safe when the last is over." He added that the message amounts to a first call, and that those who have followed through safely so far, form the point of the column. They are the ones who go over the top and keep going. Other waves will follow and hold the ground gained. ... "When we receive word from the Self to leap," he says, "we look about carefully to see where we are going to land. If we can't see, we leap anyway." ... "There is to be a new language for these things," he suddenly exclaimed, "and who but the Glass Hive is to make it?"



"Queer things happening," one observed as we drove. "It isn't the same as it looked a few weeks back. Big societies are cracking, slipping. The old line groups, I mean, the ones that fed us and trained us and brought us up—the ones we looked to be the first to answer the call of the Aquarian Foundation—they are slipping, breaking away. They've got their hands full. Listen—do you know where the groups are to come from in the next fifty years? It's the little twos and threes of the present moment. Two or three young ones talking together about the Aquarian Foundation right now is more important than the societies of hundreds and thousands, caught in their by-laws, moving in and out of their temples, hoping to find oil-wells on their properties. . . . Their leaders are not bringing them in; their leaders are watching like politicians—which way the cat is going to jump. Their leaders are writing pleasant notes: 'Yes, we are glad to affiliate. Yes, we have found him a very pleasant man—Yes, our policy is always to work when possible with other movements . . . ' And all the time never releasing a fist. . . . No, it's the kids that are making the answer, not only because they have nothing to lose, but because the younger they are, the more clearly they see what hangs up there in the heavens, the more definitely they refuse to be blinded to that by the fog and smoke here below. . . . " The same voice presently resumed: "Unmistakably we have been prepared for you and the Work you have brought. We have been in it long, and you have brought the outer image to meet the inner—with the resulting Consciousness. But—only the Youth in us can answer. . . . If you could only know in a word, in an hour, the fiery persistent care, the fierce potency, that has been directed upon us through the years to keep us Open—to keep the Youth alive—to keep us from falling into teachers and leaders and authorities and occult authors. . . . A thousand times we would have fallen asleep and have been stung awake by the barbs of heaven. . . . A thousand times we would have fallen into fatuousness and have been burned clean by the laughter of the youth in our own households. . . . For it has not been the out-and-out devotees of this group which has saved it again and again from the smear of complacency—it has been a small close body of Untamables who loved us so well that they dared to cackle when we got solemn, and go their way alone whenever our eyes lost their light. Among the things that the long past has won for us, we treasure above all the scoffing saving corrections of Youth. . . . And now with the old societies slipping—cults and movements answering the pull of the earth, with their hands full, instead of the levitation of heaven—it becomes clear where the answer is to come from—from what quarter, indeed—from the highschool, from the high chair, from the heart of the child. In fact, all that we have to give as a group—all that is worth a tinker's dam is the stuff of Youth that has somehow managed to survive the blunder into the Now." This sketch carrying on with the Los Angeles visit is to be resumed in the June issue.



## GLIMPSE INTO A GREAT LIFE

The following, if studied may net an actual disclosure: "... I still am wondering if something is to be heard of this romance ... adapted for film. I think C. D. Griffith is the man to accomplish this great idea. He is always thinking of higher ideals and eternal thought for his work.—I am going to write to him about your book.—I know his secretary is very kind to answer.—I wrote once concerning another adaption.—But I should be thankful to know from you if somebody else have succeeded in the attempt to make your book to live up on the screen. ... You know my handicaps—in language—and age and situation. But I can't give up—I know I have ability if I have the chance. This summer I have been in Seattle 5 months waiting for my son, the sailor, devoting my time and wellfare Practising the tecnique of scenario writing. If I had knowed before my start—that no outsiders ever have any chance to be considered—I never had tried—but now—I never quit when once decided—I worked for several months in hopeless despair and have a few "synopsis"—original and adaptions But know it is in vain to mail them—the reading department never open manus. submitted of outsiders or unknown authors. Here in L.A. friends have been trying to interest prominent felin auctoritets—but the answer always is the same—it must be current popular authors novels if it would pay to produce—(or pull—otherwise) Rather I should have to pack my tools and wait for my next—incarnation, but I wouldn't vaste this precious life—all the spiritual treasures—gained during a life in sufferings and sacrifices. I always have keeps my lamp burning—in spite of all materialistic toil and struggles. And so lonely—so hopeless lonely—among them I have been condemned to live with. Spiritual interests is of very little importance for average man.—(turn please) (Concerning my handicap in language—my youngest daughter college graduated in Sweden is perfect in english and able to help me.) I feel I have to go home to Sweden soon—to mid-summer at least. I have helped my children a little—they are through their resp. seminary college and high school—three of them—and earning thier own bread. Now I can go home to my longing husband and little boy. But this three years in U.S.A. have been a great experience of life—to live on for the rest of my life time.—Here in L.A. I am earning my bread as the "marvelous cook" I really am. and as usual—the family only worry for the day I am leaving. My lady promise she will go with my home—trying to get me back here again—But—once home again—home forever.—I am sorry to take your time and interest with my long letter—but you understand—it is a soul—a pilgrim reaching out a hand—waving—in the solemn night—the new years—night."



## MORE THAN A BEE-KEEPER'S SECRET

"I have been able to re-establish my work which is of keenest interest, and I should like to tell you about it. . . . I have been working to gather more perfect honey than ever. At first I used to make it like all other commercial honey—taking it out of the hive like all other honey, after the comb was filled. In my process of understanding I have come to learn that honey should remain in the hive to be cured and ripened by the bees; to be just like the comb-honey with the comb taken out is all. I have come to learn that only entirely ripened honey contains all the vitamins that it may have for wholesome digestion. So now while I necessarily make less in the same time, I make honey that is incomparable. It has all of the love of one's work and romance attached that it had, added with a scientific and mystical understanding which renders it a product which I would wish only those who can appreciate it, to have. I have ceased putting it on the ordinary market and somehow it just seems that people to whom it belongs just come and get it."—E.E.H.

Here's a cool one: "*Many of us are relieved to realize that Brotherhood as a man-to-man proposition is tremendously advanced—that all we have to do is to rise to a four-space Consciousness of it.*"

Isn't life terrible, and just as it should be?

Max Norden Inquires: "Your Letters 122, 123, 124 have been carefully read as well as other introductory literature of the A.F., including "General Statement" and Brother XII's letter of January 15th, but not yet the "Three Truths." It is all very fine and the plan grand, but—I wonder to what extent all this magnificent philosophy is going to penetrate through to the realities of life. By the realities I mean the problems appertaining to the three great departments of human functioning, to-wit:

- I. Sex (Genetics) Generation and Regeneration.
- II. Food (Diatetics) Consumption and Nutrition.
- III. Shelter (Economics) Production and Distribution.

Will the A.F. inspire any of its co-ordinated movements to get down to bed-rock, that is, to a co-operative solution of that most pressing necessity of the day: right economic subsistence? Or will it, as others heretofore, leave it to individuals to grapple with the realities of livelihood, each man for himself, while the philosophy moves airily along, head up in the clouds."

Fair enough, wouldn't you say?



### CALLER AT VIVIAN CAMP, JULY 23, 1926.

Crandall was having a siesta on the ridge when the hail came; a moment later, the man himself.

"My name is Conway," he said, "and you've certainly got a pretty camp—"

He had been hiking since five in the morning. It was now two. He said he had dinner—plenty, which he carried with him. He had covered vast ground by his word, and there was no reason to doubt. He asked questions about the trails. He had come up the straight front from Mill Valley instead of by switchbacks. He showed no sweat—dry little man of fifty, at least.

"I guess you've never smoked," Crandall said, "to have a wind like that at your age."

"No. Never smoked." Then he spoke of being a dry goods salesman in Santa Ana—an indoors man, a church man. He spoke of his Bible class—either as one of the class, or leader. He spoke of asking nothing better than being among "God's trees." His wife never hiked.

What drew Crandall somewhat closer then was that the caller spoke with understanding on sun-baths. He had once taken too much sunlight at a time, he confessed, and it had made him ill. "The sun's rays poison you if you take too much—the doctors say."

Crandall explained his idea that they start into activity the poisons in a man's system—that purity will kill anything impure—that the need for sunlight comes increasingly to those who find themselves through with meat, etc. The caller waited tolerantly for him to finish. Then he spoke of this particular year in the mountains—more lilies, more insects, more rattlesnakes than usual.

"I killed a rattlesnake a day or two ago," he eagerly announced. "A big one—"

Crandall was silent for a minute, and then because the other had spoken so appreciatively of sunlight, he risked: "We don't kill 'em here."

"You don't. Why not?"

"Only increases the feud—piles up the old score."

The caller was laughing, quite gleefully. Crandall icily realized he was now being studied for a crank. "That must sound funny to a churchman," he added.

The laughing gradually stopped and a minute later the question, "I take it you don't go to church?"

"Only up here like this—"

"One who loves the outdoors as you do—ought not to be out of the church—"

"One who sees God in a rattlesnake—God upside down?"

The answer was mainly "He-he's."

"I should have kept still," Crandall explained dubiously afterward. "There wasn't any real point of contact—any of the way—but what fooled me was the fact he had a line on the value of sunlight."



## A NEW "IMPERSONAL" VIBRATION ON *SERVICE*

You, who truly seek to serve Me, who would prepare yourself so I can freely and unhindered live My life in you, do My will in you, be My Self in you; you who have determined to permit nothing to stand between your letting Me have My way with you, listen carefully and meditate earnestly on that which I now say:

As I *am* your Real and Only Self, so am I the One and Only Self of every man. Try to realize this fully, for do not *all* live and move and have their being in Me—in My consciousness?

Then, if you would truly please Me, and if you wish to see with My eyes, and to know with My understanding, strive unceasingly to follow these My instructions:

In the morning, before arising, after earnest and heartfelt prayer to your loving Father in Heaven, that He will give you the strength of His Love to sustain and aid you throughout every moment of the day, leave your place of rest with your heart fixed on Me, the Lord Christ of you, your True Self. In loving trust emerge to your affairs, seeking to find and to serve Me thus in each one you meet. Be concerned only that you see *Me* and hear *My* voice.

Let it not be you who struggle to accomplish your daily tasks, but let Me be the power that moves your hands and directs your activities and inspires your work, keeping always your heart steadfastly fixed on Me.

If you strive earnestly and persistently in doing this, for one hour only each day, which is as much as you may be able to do at first, you will taste of the great joy and blessing of actually being your Real Self, one with Me,—the Christ; and will never more question or doubt what I AM,—for you will KNOW.

And you who seek occult training and mind discipline, I here say to you with utmost earnestness and in all truth, that you can have no better training and can undergo no greater discipline than in compelling yourself day after day, week after week, month after month, to do that outlined above. And if you do faithfully just what I have stated, it will not be years, but may be but months—nay weeks, when you will *know* that you and I are ONE, even as I know that My Father and I are ONE, and all that My Father has is Mine.

And likewise you will find, as you let My Love have full sway in your life, and you give yourself over entirely to its leadings, so that your one great urge is to give, and give, and to serve others, and no longer to get for self, gradually you will learn that you are in a most wonderful way a loved member of an inner Brotherhood, a Brotherhood of the Spirit, and that in a mysterious manner all the seeming hindrances and inharmonies of your life are falling away, and your days are becoming filled with the Happiness and Peace of knowing you are truly serving in the Father's Kingdom, and that His Ways have become your ways and you want nothing any more but thus to Serve Him.



### ALICE A. BAILEY ON *PRINCIPLES*\*

The question often arises what is a principle and how may one distinguish it? It might be of value therefore to elucidate the idea somewhat and thereby gain some hints that may prove prophetic or illuminating.

First, it might be said, that a principle is that which embodies some aspect of the truth on which this solar system of ours is based. It is the seeping through to the consciousness of the man of those impulses and motives upon which our Solar Logos bases all he does. This basis might generically be said to be love in action, and the fundamental idea on which the Logos bases action connected with the human hierarchy is the capacity of love to drive onward—the inherent urge in other words. It is love causing motion and pressing forwards towards perfection. It is the driving of the sons of God to further expression. Hence, such a principle would underlie all groups truly emanating from the subjective side of life, producing a divine urge in all the group members and forcing them forward to fuller expression, more adequate completeness and more satisfactory endeavor.

Secondly, a principle, when really fundamental, appeals at once to the intuition and calls out an immediate reaction of assent from a man's higher self. It embodies the concept of the soul in relation to others. It is that which governs the activity of the soul on its own plane and it is only as we come more and more under the guidance of that soul that the personality can conceive of and respond to these ideas. Justly to apprehend a principle marks a very definite point upon the ladder of evolution. A principle also ever embodies a formulation of truth that deals with the highest good of the greatest number. That a man should love his wife is a statement of a principle governing the personality, but that principle must later be expanded into the greater truth that a man must love his fellow men.

“Rather fulfil thy own Dharma, no matter how low it may be, than the most illustrious Dharma of some one else.”—Sri Krishna.

“Be Yourself” is the keynote of all work in expression.

Brotherhood is Consciousness Itself. One cannot run out and *do* it. The emotional nature in itself is without morale—it goes by feeling, knowing neither good nor bad. The mental idea must form, then step up.

\*To be resumed. Work like this, which Mrs. Bailey sends to the Glass Hive, is not for mere reading. It is to become the man. Under pressure of old methods, we are often clogged with stacks of verities. A few like these adequately opened-to—may become rods of power.



## DR. STEINER AT WORK II

*from Clifton Joseph Furness*

My visit to the Waldorf school convinced me even more than observations at Dornach, that Dr. Steiner was sponsoring a movement of real significance in the way of indicating new race methods of unfoldment. A certain spiritual vitality radiated by the pupils in all their activities struck me as the one thing needful in almost all our "schools of learning," where the collective and individual spirit of the student-body is dampened and de-vitalized, rather than charged with additional driving power. It seemed peculiarly significant that one-half of their school day is devoted to active participation in some form of art expression. Music and Eurhythm are an essential part of every student's program. The expression of face and body of the young people during these classes was a fascinating testimony. The interest of the boys, in particular, was remarkable to me, because the average boy is practically immune to any form of "aesthetic dancing." It must be added that the basic principle of organization and division of classes, is the utilization of the "group spirit" as a working factor.

Another point of interest to Aquarians came under my observation during the conference at Arnheim. The *Jugend Bewegung*, or Youth Movement, which swept Germany after the war, had also a large following in Holland. Most of the young people among the followers of Dr. Steiner found their views and methods of thought and work so divergent from those of the older generation, that they requested Dr. Steiner's permission to withdraw from the society and form their own organization. He considered the interests of both parties, and authorized a "Youth Section," which should be self-governing and hold its meetings separately as an autonomous body, with the provision that it meet in joint session with the older group at stated intervals in order that they might not forget that they were all striving toward the same purpose and should maintain unity of spirit, if not identity of procedure. During the conference both parties were represented, but growing unrest was evident among the younger members, which culminated in much buzzing about secretly in corners, with whispered bodings of an impending *coup d'etat*. Finally it was announced publicly that Dr. Steiner had consented, at the request of the "Youth Section," to speak to a mass meeting which everyone below the age of thirty was invited to attend. This meeting I shall never forget. Dr. Steiner's mere presence mingled reproof with understanding. There was not the slightest evidence of personal feeling of any sort in his manner. He appeared merely to reflect the general behaviour of the recalcitrant group in its true light, to hold up the mirror for them to regard themselves. They did not appear to as much advantage as the leaders had evidently hoped for. A depressed hush fell over the crowd. Dr. Steiner looked about quietly for a long time, searching each face. Finally he spoke. "What do you wish from me?" That was all.



The ring-leaders lost their confidence and looked as if they would like to be somewhere else. The spokesman was so crest-fallen that he forgot his speech and stumbled through a long explanation which explained nothing. Then Dr. Steiner spoke for half an hour with a one-pointed directness which I have never seen equalled. He spoke of his own experience with the uprising of youth in the German universities in the seventies. Many young people died or killed themselves at that time, he said, because they were not able to accommodate themselves to life as they found it. This lack of adaptability in youth was not a strength, but a weakness. The heart of his message centered in an appeal to the glowing flame, which he cited as an apt symbol of the ardent spirit of youth, as well as the key-note of the new age which we are entering under the regency of the Archangel Michael, the spirit of the Sun, who has now fully supplanted the influence of the Archangel Gabriel, guardian of the Moon forces, in the evolution of the earth. He said that he could furnish no magic formulae for the solution of life's difficulties, or the adoption of a vocation. Courage alone gives meaning to life. "The sunrise is brighter now than it was even in Goethe's time," he said. "A veil has been removed from between us and the sun. Ignite your flame at the great central sun. Fill yourself with a living awareness of its power, and you will have no room for thoughts of petty differences and strife. *Become the Flame!*" The young people left the room slowly and silently. But in their eyes glowed a new light of dawning fire. Again the heart of the lotos had unfolded before me.—*To be resumed.*

. . . There is a tendency toward dangerous tolerance. Some of us in trying to be large and tolerant have ended by taking in as a whole the younger generation even to the point of praising it. No use in that; merely foolish reaction. The younger set is not the new race as a whole, by any means. It has its hideous insensate streak. It is shock-stuff—waste, to a large degree—shock-stuff thrust in to take the grind of two cycles.

Another modern vibration.

*Observe I remain at home in my own mind all the time. I am doing things in my own thought-world and I know my own mind. Know my own mind about James. I say, in thought, 'James, you are well and happy.' Now, before God, have I spoke the truth regarding James in my own heart? Then about James' finances—*



## BROTHER XII TO THE GLASS HIVE

Very recently I have been asked to say something of the special relationship which exists between the Glass Hive, the Group from which it has sprung, and the present Work of the White Lodge. A special relationship exists and it is well that we gain some vision of it, even if it be no more than a fleeting glimpse.

A new magazine? Perhaps, but today is a new day, and yet how many of Earth's millions understand the miracle? The Glass Hive has not sprung into sudden existence; rather it is the outcome of patient years of building, of the gathering of material, of shapings, of mouldings, and the fitting of stone to stone.

Also we may liken it to the Child of the Group from which it has sprung; the offspring of all who have contributed to its substance. It is a body through which a Soul may find expression; not the soul of an individual, but the soul of a Group, a composite expression of the many who move forward on a kindred Ray. Who shall say what has gone into its building, what thought, what aspirations, what dedication to purposes not known but only dimly sensed?

Its very essence is a dedication, a giving of its inmost soul, keeping nothing back. It is an Instrument already prepared to a pre-destined end, the Child of a divine Inspiration Conceived in the Silence; it is the outcome of a slow and patient fashioning, extended and moulded by forces of the soul rather than of the mind.

Now, almost before we realize it, the Child is born; its form is true, its symmetry an expression and embodiment of the new type, the Ideal of the future. The babe will grow; inevitably its lines and contours will change. Daily, hourly, new elements will be drawn in, new powers and activities will be made clear. That is its wonder. Not fashioned to a rigid mould, but flexible expanding, life-manifesting and therefore ever changing. It is the Child which shall grow into the Man, fit symbol and expression of the new Age, of the Aquarian Man.

As with the Child, so with those elements which gave it birth—the Group itself. This is no ordinary Group, and that we may know merely by examining its work, by considering the Fruit which it has brought forth. This group which we speak of as the Glass Hive Group is the nucleus, the whirling center of that vortex into which others, both groups and individuals will be drawn. Consider its fashioning: it was not devised by ordinary means, its development is of the spirit, not of the lower mind; it is an Inspiration rather than a deliberated mental creation. The builders of *this Group* are spiritual Powers; it was not fashioned in the mind, but in the souls of men.



This, the Central Group is the body prepared in silence for the spirit for which it was builded. Would you have proof, would you know the truth of that statement? Then consider the facts. Consider the slow instinctual growth to ends as yet unseen; consider the instant response when the Ideal first met and contacted the form predestined to receive and express it. Other individuals have responded, other groups have responded—more or less—but this is the response of identity, of life to form, of the hand to the brain, of Deep answering to Deep.

Here is another point and an important one. This fashioning was none of mine, it was not conceived in my brain but by the hearts and minds of others. Yet, when it is brought to me, already formed and moulded, it is the perfect instrument, in exact accordance with the Pattern shown to me. Therefore it is the heart, the nucleus, the center—the pattern to which all others shall be moulded. It is the mould of the present, the mirror of the future, that vital thing which shall re-mould the minds of men, and so make all things new.

*B.E.W. on Silence:* By practising the power of silence, is not meant the holding of the mind against speech, thinking to preserve integrity. There are times and seasons. Integrity is preserved in speaking as the Conscious thought is ready to flow through, keeping silent when there is nothing to say—and this is the conscious living radiating power of silence.

The A. F. is explained this way:

“It is a new attraction. Imagine a top that has spun well and realized its own spinning; that has risen into its high hum, felt the ecstasy and possibly begun upon the inevitable down-drag. The top has known to the limit the experience of spinning on its own axis, its rotarian movement. Suppose now it suddenly realizes its larger movement; that it is not only whirling upon itself, but making a great curve around a Lamp—that other tops are also spinning in the lamplight—around this greater center. This new cyclic attraction is what the A.F. means. There is positively no answering to it until the moment strikes—until one has ceased to be absorbed in his rotarian whirl. One must have wearied, even of the old ecstasies, before the new attraction can become more powerful than the old. When one truly feels the cyclic attraction, he will answer to it in spite of all doubts and fears, objections, hates; even in spite of possible powerful reactions against talk of masters, lodges and chelas.”



## WORK ON GROUP FORMATION

With the new race, two is no longer the unit of romance. The couple is to give way to the group. For us, the day of large classes, the day of talker and listener, is over. The next step in this Work is the formation of many small groups. This is part of the plan of the Aquarian Foundation, and being so, it may be said that the pattern of these small groups is already formed in higher space. Some magic is therefore necessary in bringing them down to the physical plane. It becomes clear that these groups cannot be fashioned by the concrete mind of any leader; the fact that several people belong in the same town, or same part of a larger town, does not of necessity mate them in groups to the best advantage. Consider again that these groups exist on the Causal Plane. They have to be cooled into matter. They already exist in higher space; they must harden like wax.

Again the hive gives us an intimation of the process—the clustering of bees together for hours in a kind of heated silence—the wax forming in their midst. In time each group will be such a center of contact between the pattern and the production. Meanwhile the few who have already been prepared to answer to the Plan must lower it into matter for the many. The technique of this work of group formation is gradually to be made clear and feasible through the Glass Hive and documents to members, yet the magic of the work is already evidenced, for even as we begin work upon the task consciously here, the answer is returned from various vortices of force throughout the country—small dynamic groups already in the process of formation before our written work is sent out. This of course could only take place because of a subtler pattern pressing upon this group as a whole—seeking to be born through us for work in the world.

If you respond to the vibration of the new life force, giving yourself eagerly to it, the answer is carried back to you in the form of a work to do, the next step made clear. It may be said that your group is already forming about your head; but it is necessary to realize the plan, that the formation of small groups of workers is the next step for world work; also necessary to supply a surface to receive your particular orders, and to dare to carry these orders out. Many times these days, in spite of yourself—you will stumble upon contacts that will prove fruitful; it is a matter of trusting intuition first. We have talked a lot about the use of powers; they may now be had for the using—for the daring to practice them, because the need is great. A curious truth has been uncovered of late in the work here: that there is no lack of surfaces to respond to inspiration, even to contact the Causal Plane—the difficulty is to find doers in three space. Those who can make the dream come true in matter are the priceless ones today.

Yet there are those who are asking to know the names of others in the same city or town. This is well—it may prove necessary to make a beginning. Remember however, that real marriages are made in heaven.

Three or five or seven who foregather regularly for work together, without a leader, working in Equality! This is a Key word to the work.



The group formed of one talker and several listeners will no longer do. That is a personal relationship. It is rotarian—Piscean—based on talk. These new small groups are impersonal, cyclic—Aquarian—based on silence. As the Brother XII explains, the next steps are the building (actual formation) on the plane of lower mind of a vehicle for the use of the Higher. This vehicle will become an entity—an actual living force for the accomplishment of the work of that plane—the Group becomes the Entity—individuals only living cells in its totality. The group becomes a cup for an inpouring of higher force, impossible to one who is working as a separate unit. Remember that hurry, fear, jealousy, competitiveness, ambition or any of these old friction drives are Untouchables by the new Vibration. Stay with them and you are cut off.

Three groups you may contact—your own, eye to eye so to speak; the one below you that can be nourished and speeded up by contact with you and yours, and the one above that stimulates you because it is a step nearer the Norm. In fact, as you individually become the Self, or as a person, are attracted by the Self, others (your own) are attracted to you—the whole system operating under the law of Attraction. . . . marvelous possibilities of formation for ages to come, as we give ourselves now to sincerity the best we know, inner and outer—moving softly, quietly, and with care.

The Aquarian Plan is so utterly clean-cut and generous in all its aspects—that we rapidly have to develop new faculties to appreciate it.

*Teachings of the Temple* (see Book Room page to right) is earnestly urged for study at this time. It contains teachings given out some years ago to workers in Halcyon, Calif. and these teachings are instantly familiar to those who answer to the A.F. vibration, though the modern work of the Halcyon Group is not. In fact, in a measure, *Teachings of the Temple* may be said to be of the same source as the A.F. A certain small proportion of the writings are frustrated apparently, and others emotionalized, but these faults are remarkably slight considering the early day in which the work was brought down. I have found the book of great value of late. . . . *The A.F. Booklet* is now being delivered and will help in group work and be valuable to give to enquirers. It is a real service to answer a receptive mood on the dot. . . . If you have felt a quickening from this issue of the Glass Hive, if it has drawn you in a step further, try it on some young painter or writer or any youth, in or out of the arts, who is confused in the hammering of things as they are. Remember it is for the Oncoming Youth. . . . The first April issue has been called every thing from “weird” to “perfectly damn gorgeous.” We have only dared to breathe so far.



## THE COMFORT BOOK ROOM

5336 Abbott Place

Los Angeles, Calif.

The A.F. Booklet (by the Author of "The Three Truths").....\$ .25

This is the real title of the offering incorrectly advertised so far as "Foundation Letters and Teachings." The latter is a forthcoming full-sized book, but not yet gone to the printer.

The A.F. booklet contains:

The Message

Additional Information

The First General Letter

The Theosophical Society and the Present Work

The General Statement to Chelas, etc.

The Letter to Members in North America

A Declaration of Principles

and is very valuable to hand to one who asks or one to whom you are impelled to bring this Work.

Books by W. L. C. (autographed)

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Bhagavad Gita (Chas. Johnson edition)..... cloth 1.25

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Light on the Path (by Mabel Collins)..... .75

The Impersonal Life..... 50c and 1.00

NOTE: Some of these books are delivered direct from eastern publishers instead of from the Book Room. Please allow extra time accordingly.

To those particularly interested in studying the Glass Hive's vibration, it is suggested that they turn to Letters 118, 119, 120, 121. These may be had from the Book Room for 40 cents.

About the Glass Hive—please write in number of copies you can use. You'll want the magazine to amplify your own work in forming centers. It carries its own vibration to show others what we are getting at, both as individual group workers and as a group entire in its upward spiraling toward the great matrix, the Aquarian Foundation.